

THE

Johnson Journal

Merry Christmas



December, 1926

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EDITORIAL



PUBLIC SPIRIT

Public spirit is the quality which enables an average town or school to stand out above its fellow-towns or schools, which apparently have the same nucleus at the start. It is the willingness to respect the property and ideals of an institution, it is the desire to help out in any function which tends to raise the standard of the institution, it is obedience to the rules of that institution. The opposite of this is the spirit which scoffs at any good work and honest effort for betterment, which has no regard for property or ideals.

Let us use Johnson High for a specific example. Many, striving to emulate Daniel Boone's carving on the tree, employ the desks to leave their records behind to future classes. Others

find the walls a suitable place to display their names and initials. These are only two cases out of many which illustrate the lack of reverence for property. The small athletic squads, the lack of attendance at practice, the small number of subscriptions to the Journal, and the unwillingness to accept school offices show no consideration for the ideals of the school.

On the positive side, Johnson High must be complimented on the support given the football team at home games in both money and spirit by student body and faculty. Without this evidence of interest, the team might have remained in its early doldrums the whole season. If a school can manifest so much good spirit in one department, it can in every department.

LAZINESS

Laziness is a quality which no one desires to admit. The reason is that there is nothing of which to be proud, and everything of which to be ashamed. Nevertheless, it can never seem to be eliminated and probably never will be wholly driven out.

There are many instances of laziness in Johnson High. The first to be considered is tardiness, a fault too common here. Every student who is late realizes he has made a mistake. Why does he repeat the performance in a week's time?

Another form of laziness is lack of preparation for classes. Very kind teachers call this "lack of concentration". This sounds like a good alibi, but the cause is indifference to study, which comes down to laziness.

The benefits of laziness are hard to find; so difficult, in fact, that it is doubtful if there are any. On the other hand, the boy or girl who performs his task cheerfully and punctually is well repaid by the esteem he receives from all who come in contact with him.

Wake up, students of Johnson High!



LITERARY



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

"No, Marjorie, you can't go." Miss Priscilla was very positive, and no amount of pleading could induce her to change her mind.

"But, Aunt Priscilla, I'm going back home the night afterwards, and it's a kind of farewell dance for me. I won't see the friends I've made here again until next summer."

"When you came here to make me a visit, your father told me to take care of you and treat you as I would my daughter, if I had one, and I certainly would not allow a daughter of mine to go gallivanting around the country at all hours of the night.

Now, if we lived in a town, it would be different; but we live a mile out of town, and the "Log Cabin Club" is every bit a half a mile on the opposite side of the town. You wouldn't be back here before two o'clock. No, I've made up my mind."

"But Billy Henderson is going to take me in his car, and Ruth and Billy's cousin are going along with us. Please, Auntie, let me go."

"And that's another thing," Miss Priscilla began anew, "the idea of young people going out at night alone in a machine. When I was young, my mother certainly didn't let me do such a thing."

Here Marjorie smiled in spite of the fact that she was on the verge of tears.

"But, Aunt Priscilla, there were no motor cars when you were a girl, so of course you couldn't go in them at night."

"That doesn't make the least bit of difference," Miss Priscilla concluded, a little provoked.

"I know daddy would let me go," Marjorie ventured, turning her pleading eyes on her aunt, but all to no avail; for once Miss Priscilla's mind was made up, nothing could move her.

"Marjorie realized this, and immediately began devising some other way to get to the dance, for she had no intention of letting such an opportunity slip by, for to her this dance that the boys were giving in her honor was the greatest event of her life. Then, too, she was going with Billy Henderson. Her father was on his way home from New York, so she couldn't telephone him, and a letter wouldn't reach him in time. Then suddenly Marjorie was all dimples and her eyes sparkled mischievously. "That's the very thing," she whispered.

The day of the dance came and when Miss Priscilla saw how sweetly Marjorie had acted about going to the dance, she relented a little, but satisfied her conscience by saying, "Well, anyway, I acted for the child's good."

Marjorie was so bright and talkative at supper-time that her aunt looked at her in admiration. Miss Priscilla had always been quiet even as a young girl, and putting herself in Marjorie's place, she thought that certainly she would have been a little sulky, and certainly not at all merry. But then, Marjorie was always lively and her feet were never still.

Aunt Priscilla was accustomed to go to her room about eight or a little before, where she busied herself with letter writing, sewing, or reading, leaving Marjorie to her own resources. On this particular night, however, it seemed to Marjorie as if she were never going, but finally she arose and calmly kissed her niece on the forehead. When she disappeared up the stairs, Marjorie executed a series of dances which would have shocked, surprised, grieved, and mortified her sedate old aunt. Then Marjorie rushed up the stairs two steps at a time, and after carefully locking herself in her room, she began to pull her dresses from the closets and take down dancing slippers and stockings. Although she dressed hastily, she never looked

better in her life. Excitement had heightened her color. Her soft brown eyes looked into a mirror and saw a slip of a girl who looked very much like a fairy princess. Then she put on a light wrap, tiptoed to the door in her stocking feet, locked the door on the outside, and cautiously began her way down the back stairs. She was delighted with the way her plan had worked so far. Then suddenly she stumbled on something soft.

She was not long in doubt as to what it was for the loud cry of a cat followed. It was Aunt Priscilla's white Angora cat. Marjorie lost her balance, and stumbled, but caught hold of the bannisters just in time to keep herself from going to the bottom. To cap the climax a great rattling crash followed. Aunt Priscilla's burglar alarm had gone off! It was set in the midst of a lot of tin pans, near the middle of the dark back steps.

With a pounding heart Marjorie fairly flew through the hall into the parlor, where she hid herself behind the book-case. At the same moment the electric lights flashed on all over the down-stairs rooms and Aunt Priscilla appeared at the top of the stairs. After a search she came to the conclusion that her cat had got tangled in the string that set off the alarm and had thus caused all the confusion. All this seemed to Marjorie to take hours, for she knew Billy was waiting in his car and was growing impatient.

When Aunt Priscilla had gone back to her room, it was an easy matter to raise a window and step out on the porch. Soon she was laughing and chattering, speeding on toward the Club.

At the dance she was the gayest of the gay and much sought after, but it all had to come to an end. Only when she was on her way home did she begin to get at all serious. Suppose Aunt Priscilla had become uneasy and had gone about to see if all the windows were locked and had found the parlor window open, and locked it. What should she do then? Even Billy, with his ever resourceful mind, could think of nothing. When they arrived, to their intense relief, the window was just as Marjorie had left it. Marjorie, tired but happy, piled into bed immediately, and the next thing she knew, she heard Aunt Priscilla say, "Child, aren't you ever going to get up? This is the third time I have called you."

Anyone but Marjorie would have showed the lack of sleep, but nothing daunted her vivacity. She went down to breakfast, humming, and listened with a straight face, while Aunt Priscilla told about the incident of the cat.

"By the way, Marjorie, here is a buckle off those absurd silver shoes of yours. I found it among the pans. It certainly is funny how things get out of their places."

But the idea of connecting all the incidents never occurred to her, for willfully disobeying her aunt was a thing Miss Priscilla would never consider, because when she was a girl such a thing was unknown.

LAUGHTER

There has always been a laugh that denotes mirth, and one that sneers, and then again one of ridicule, of gayety, of scorn, and that queer sounding laugh that is forced.

It is said that a laugh is very often an audible betrayal of the character of a person.

Perhaps this is why the Scotchman hesitates in laughing, or again it may not be that ---, maybe he's up to his old tricks and is trying to save energy. And when I think of it, I don't imagine the Englishman would be called so mirthful, if he couldn't laugh at his own self-thought comicness.

But it being more polite, we'll leave nationalities alone and go to the theater, where, if we were to look away from the stage, we would see such a variety of expressions, we would have to laugh. But why would we laugh?

The only reason I see for laughing in a case like this, is that we do not know what else to do to express ourselves. And if we watch ourselves, we will find that laughing is always our old standby to express ourselves.

E. D. '28

THE SPECTATOR CLUB "LISTENING IN"

A short while ago, Sir Roger, Capt. Sentry, Sir Andrew, and Sir Templar visited Will Honeycomb. Will had just bought a radio and he had invited the Spectator Club to "listen in" with him.

They sat around the radio enthusiastically talking. As they had never heard a radio before, all, including Will himself, were ignorant of radio terms.

Will turned on the switch and began playing with the dials.

"The stations all have very short wave-lengths," he said

"What do you mean by short wave-lengths?" asked Sir Roger.

"Well, a wave-length is as far as the antenna can swing, and when I was on the roof this morning, I noticed it did not swing very far," answered Will, and the rest, not knowing any better, did not say anything. Finally Sir Templar said, "What were you doing on the roof?" "Oh, I went up to grease the antenna so the stations would slide in easily," calmly answered Will.

All the time Will had been playing with the dials. Suddenly a faint sound of music was heard. Instantly they were all attention. After a little difficulty, it came in quite plainly. The music stopped and the announcer said, "You will now listen to the Shipping Board News. This is station X Y Z, New York City."

"Why, that's jolly!" said Sir Andrews, "I have a number of ships due to-morrow and I've forgotten the names, but now I'll know."

Another voice started, "We will now give you the n- - - - -."

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Sir Andrew.

"I must have greased the wire too much," answered Will, "that one slips out easier than it slips in. Oh, well, we'll try something else."

Another station was picked up. The announcer was saying. "And the next number will be "La Paloma" sung in Spanish. This is station K T K A, Cincinnati."

"That's quite a distance," said Will, "I hope we get it clearly."

"Rat-a-tat-tat-tat- - -," sang the radio, as code filled the air.

"Well, my land!" said Sir Templar, "I never could understand Spanish. I don't like that, I'm sure. Try again."

Will again turned the dials. Again the radio responded.

"And the next number played by the Army Band from the barracks at Washington will be 'Semper Fidelis.'"

"The Army! Well that sounds good! Makes one feel right at home," said Captain Sentry.

But alas! static came on so loudly that it was absolutely impossible to hear anything, so Will turned the dials again. Another sound was heard. "The Fox-hunt" were the only words that were understood, but it was enough.

"Get that, Will, I must hear it," said Sir Roger.

The voice came clear and loud, "And don't forget, radio audience, that we broadcast the fox-hunt to-morrow. Good-night."

"Well, we'll try once more," said Will, patiently turning the dials. But Will did not know that his batteries were very low because he had accidentally left the switch on all night. Once again the radio responded. "And as you - - - -" came a voice, then absolute silence. The battery was dead.

"Something's happened," said Will, "I'll have to have it fixed."

As they were going, Will said, "The radio is great company. Be sure and come again," and each one answered, "Yes, we will," and under his breath, "maybe."

'28

A GOOD INVESTMENT

When Peggy Anderson had completed her usual list of Christmas gifts, she found herself wishing fervently that she might give a bit of much needed cheer to someone less fortunate than she.

Now, the Anderson home was one of comfortable circumstances, and therefore Peggy's weekly allowance was only moderate. But with it she managed to achieve marvels. Naturally her first thought, now, was to cut down her expenses a trifle in order that she might do this little deed of kindness.

But after giving the matter much serious thought, she came to the very wise decision, that it is only money which you your-

self have earned by hard work, which gives happiness to others and proves a real satisfaction to one's self. And that which is given because it is bountiful does not contain the true spirit of giving.

With this thought in mind she did a very wonderful thing. She went to work in a large department store in the city. Here she spent many weary hours, but as the weeks passed, her store of hard-earned money gradually became quite a modest little sum.

Meanwhile she was endeavoring to find the person whom she could best benefit. She eagerly scrutinized the faces in the hurrying crowds, but as she did not find anyone, she slowly became discouraged.

One very cold winter's morning, as she was hurrying down the street to get the trolley, she nearly collided with a little boy who carried a heavy snow-shovel in his hand. It was Joe Smithes, the boy who did odd jobs about the neighborhood and whom she knew quite well.

"G'd morning, Miss Peggy," said he, "Y' needn't hurry. The car's stuck in a big drift up at the turnout." "Good morning, Joe," she replied, "It's a terribly cold morning, isn't it?" Suddenly she noticed that the boy wore neither overshoes nor gloves, and that he was shivering slightly.

It astonished her to think that such a young child should be forced to work in such cold weather when so obviously ill clad. While on her way to work that morning she caught herself thinking that perhaps it was Joe Smithes and his mother whom she could help. For she knew that the lad's small earnings almost supported his mother and himself. Also she knew them to be good, honest, and hard-working people.

In the end she concluded that right here was her chance. She had hunted through the city when she needed only to look around her home!

She asked her brother, Jack, for suggestions as to what would most please the boy. Then she spent her time purchasing the gifts which were to give the Smithes a very happy Xmas.

One evening in the week before Christmas, Jack entered the Anderson sitting room wearing, for him, a rather serious face. He seemed to have something that weighed heavily upon his mind.

When he and his sister were alone he suddenly burst forth, "Say, Sis, your doing that for the Smithes was mighty fine, I tell you! I feel pretty small when I think that in all my life, I never did a thing like that! I've been doing a lot of thinking lately and I've been scouting 'round a bit too. I've found a family which is in rather bad circumstances." Here he proceeded to give the details, his sister listening attentively the while. Then he said, "What say, Peg, old girl, if we rig up a good old Christmas dinner to lug down to 'em on the twenty-fifth?" Peggy agreed heartily and the whole family spent the entire week in getting presents and gifts together for the poor family.

When the Andersons returned that Christmas evening, Jack remarked to his sister. "Say, do you know that I feel just like a business man who has made a good, safe investment!"

"Why, that is what you've done," she rejoined. "Wasn't it old Aesop who said, 'An act of kindness is a good investment?'"

D. B. '29



SCHOOL NOTES



On the evening of October 29, the Senior Class gave a very pretty party in honor of the class of 1930. The hall was decorated in orange and black for Hallowe'en. The social opened with an address of welcome by Roy Thompson, the Senior President; then came the amusing play "Bumps" presented by Catherine Ryley, Ruth Graffam, and Mary Galaher of the Senior Class. After this, games were played and dancing was enjoyed. Refreshments were served at intermission. The Seniors on the different committees were well repaid for their work by the pleasure which the Freshmen showed.

At the beginning of this school year, Miss Sargent announced that class presidents were to be elected every year, and that scholarship was a requirement for holding any school office. Formerly, the president chosen by the Freshman Class served for four years. If a president has managed the affairs of his class to the best of his ability, he may be reelected. This seemed a fitting time to change the custom, because the Junior Class was the only one with a president. The Senior Class President, Alfred McEvoy, and the Sophomore Class President, George Fitzgerald, had left school and the Freshman Class had not held their election.

Therefore, on October 5, the Senior Class held a meeting in Room 8 and elected Roy Thompson as their President. On October 7, the Sophomore Class made Samuel Osgood their leader, while the Freshmen chose Laurence Ryley. The Freshmen also chose Frances Rea as their Secretary.

Since the Junior Class was satisfied with Ivar Sjostrom, they reelected him.

TYPEWRITING AWARDS

First Awards

September

Remington

Catherine Lavin

37-1

October

Royal

Helen McCallion

36-2

November

Royal

Dorothy Fowler 30-2

Remington

Boleslow Boush 28-8

Harry Melamed 28-4

Second Awards

September

Remington

Dorothy Greenwood 44-5

Margaret Turner 47-6

Underwood

Margaret J. Turner 42-8

October

Royal

Dorothy Greenwood 50-4

Anna Michlun 49-6

Underwood

Dorothy Greenwood 40-12

John Harrington, who transferred from Johnson High to Cannon's Commercial School, has been elected president of the class there.

Miss Wills, teacher and faculty-advisor of the Journal, was married to Mr. Maurice Goodridge on October 9. Mr Goodridge's gain was our loss. Miss Wills was prominent in all school affairs. We wish her much happiness.

The December issue of the Johnson Journal gives us our first chance to officially welcome the two new members of the faculty, Miss Helen Pearson and Miss Evelyn Haven. Miss Pearson, an instructor in English, is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College; while Miss Haven, an instructor of History and Civics, is a graduate of Tufts College. We trust and hope that these two members will enjoy their work at Johnson High School. We all give them a hearty welcome.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 2, a very successful tea-party was given by the Freshman cooking class to the members of the faculty and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard. Butterscotch rolls, cookies, and tea, which were made by the members of the class, were served. Miss Eunice Smith acted as hostess, and the Misses Dimmery, Philips, Rae, and Espig were waitresses.

It is the customary thing in Johnson High School for the Junior Class to choose class rings. This year the president of the class, Ivan Sjostrom, chose a ring committee, consisting of Edward Squier, Arthur Lambert, Margaret Donlan, and Frances Smith. This committee met all the salesmen who came during

the month of September. Two rings from each salesmen were selected. On the last Wednesday of the month, the class chose one ring from the selection made by the committee. This ring was made by Bates and Klenke of Attleboro, Mass. The Juniors are proudly displaying their new rings.

HONORS FROM SEPT. 8, 1926 to OCT. 22, 1926

In one subject:

Francis J. Boyle, Charlotte M. Broderick, Velma F. Coates, Katherine M. Crowley, Charlotte I. Cyr, Orest P. Lumenello, Teresa H. Michlun, Dorothy E. O'Brien, Frances C. Rea, Francis C. Roche, Annie M. Rogers, Laurence J. Ryley, Isaac Shrager, Sarah Silverstein, Martha M. Thompson, Francis J. Trombly, Frances Watnick, Mildred L. Champion, Elizabeth C. Costello, Gerald W. Curren, Thomas F. Donlan, Jr., Cornelius J. Donovan, Lucy E. Elliot, C. Winifred Fitzgerald, Earl L. Foster, Arthur W. Hawkes, 2d., Elsa M. Heider, Katherine P. Keighley, Zygmund Koper, Carl J. Rehn, Mildred E. Schruender, David Sellars, Lois H. Taylor, Alice A. Venner, Madeleine R. Auger, Malcolm L. Buchan, Irene E. Dow, Lester J. Kane, Frances Smith, Edward R. Squier, Harry N. Wilcox, Hazen L. Willette, Ida Budnick, Mary A. Galaher, Helen G. McCallion, Margaret B. Roberts, Frank W. Smith, Florence St. Pierre, Grace E. Torrey, Margaret J. Turner, Robert C. Twombly, Henrietta Webb.

In two subjects:

Richard W. Baganski, Albert E. Moran, Walter H. E. Paulson, Thomas H. Wilkinson, Ruth M. Bode, Dorothy M. Bolton, Adela Dainowski, Roger J. Dehullu, Jr., Robena D. C. Eagle, Douglas A. Neil, Ethelyn M. Patterson, Genevieve A. Lane, Catherine V. Costello, Mary H. Taylor.

In three subjects:

Leona C. Thompson, Marion G. Buchan, Edmund J. Fogarty, Selina McClung, Margaret M. Donlan, Ruth E. Goff, Mary Lang, Hildur E. Wilde, Elizabeth I. Sullivan.

In four subjects:

Louise M. Espig, William J. Greenler, Jr., F. Clifford Gillespie, Marian E. Glennie, Robert T. Graham, Julia E. Juarceys, Frances Hawkes, Mary A. McAloon.

In five subjects:

Marion C. McGregor, Florence L. Mason.

In six subjects:

E. Laurence Colby.



ATHLETICS



THE METHUEN GAME

On Friday, Nov. 12, the football team journeyed to Methuen to play the Methuen High eleven. After a hard fought game, Johnson returned home, the victor by a score of 6—0. The score was made in the second period after a march of 60 yards, Colby scoring. All the Johnson boys played well, despite the muddiness of the field which caused very slippery footing. Johnson showed great strength on the defense, holding the heavier Methuen team for downs three times within their own 10 yard line.

THANKSGIVING DAY GAME

On Thanksgiving morning, Johnson and Woodbury met in their objective game at Grogans's Field before a crowd of 2000 people. After Captain Pfeiffer had won the toss and elected to kick, Lumenello booted the ball to Woodbury's ten yard line, from where it was carried back to the twenty-five yard line. Woodbury then made three first downs in quick succession, but Johnson made a stand on their own forty yard line, gaining the ball. Here Johnson started its offense with a touchdown as the result. Lumenello, Richards, and Colby carried the ball to the twenty yard line, then Richards went the rest of the way on an end run. Colby added the point, making the score Johnson seven, Woodbury zero.

A little later Woodbury started a drive which finally gave them a first down on Johnson's four yard line. Johnson, with the aid of a penalty, held the Woodbury from scoring. In the second half, Woodbury kicked to the center of the field. After the Johnson team had made a first down, Richards carried the ball twenty yards to the sixteen yard line. After another first down, Colby went over, but failed to add the extra point, making the score Johnson 13, Woodbury 0.

Johnson gained possession of the ball on Woodbury's twenty yard line, but lost it by a fumble. A little later, Captain Bowyer of Woodbury threw a thirty yard pass to Lundberg, who was tackled on the two yard line. He went over on the next play, but Willette blocked the goal. This ended the scoring with Johnson ahead 13 to 6.

After a poor start, the football team has found itself in the last few games, so it now has a chance to win the suburban championship, the first in the memory of any present student of Johnson High. The line with Lumenello backing it up, has been



JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1926

Top row—J O'Brien, E. McCabe, A. Lambert, P. Goodhue, B. Pfeiffer, M. Greenwood, R. Twombly, A. Lumenello.
Front row—R. Thompson, N. Greenwood, J. Berwick, H. Willet, E. Squire, F. Mulligan, L. Colby, M. Buchan, R. Richards.

"Courtesy of Laurence Eagle and Tribune"

able to cope with all comers, but the inability of the backfield to break up forward passes in the Manning and Reading games has caused a setback in our record. The whole backfield has been performing well on the offense. The record is as follows:

Sept. 18	J. H. S.	7	Danvers 14
" 25	"	0	Amesbury 21
Oct. 2	"	0	Country Day 20
" 8	"	14	Howe 0
" 15	"	7	Manning 7
" 23	"	0	Reading 6
Nov. 1	"	79	Wilmington 0
" 6	"	20	Manchester 0
" 12	"	6	Methuen 0

Totals: J. H. S., 133

Opponents, 68.

Jack Armstrong, an All-Suburban choice last year, broke his collarbone in the Danvers game and again in the Manchester game.

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

Monday afternoon, November 15, 1926, the basketball candidates had their first day of practice. About fifty girls reported.

Last year our team had a fair season, winning six games and losing five, playing a tie with the Alumni Team. Can't we improve that record this season? We will do our best to support our school record. Will **you** support us by attending our games? Girls, we want more out for basketball. What is the trouble with many of the Senior girls? Don't let the Freshmen beat you! Why not have some class teams? It isn't too late to start practice. Come out now.

The members of the Athletic Council for 1926-1927 are as follows:

Seniors: John A. Armstrong, Alma G. Knowles, Richard C. Pfeiffer; Juniors: Margaret Donlan, Malcolm L. Buchan, Ruth E. Goff; Sophomores: Robert T. Graham, Douglas A. Neil; Freshmen: John H. W. Marquis. These members met with the officers, Miss Sargent, and Mr. Hayes, to choose a manager of the girl's basketball team. Ruth Graffam was elected.

Dues will be collected in monthly payments. Because of the heavy labor for the collectors last year, the number of people taking the dues this year is increased.

If the finances of the A. A. can possibly stand it, sweaters will be awarded to the athletes this year instead of letters. The football team has shown itself worthy of such a favor, so every one should help out by joining the A. A.



ALUMNI NOTES



DISAPPOINTMENTS OF COLLEGE

I was quite active in all functions at Johnson High School, except in that of scholarship. The reason I did not excel in that field was that I did not wish to be the valedictorian of my class and have to deliver a speech at graduation.

Considering my notoriety, imagine my dismay at not being received by the playing of a band and the cheering of the student body upon my arrival at Clark University. The height of my disappointment was yet to be reached, however, for the dean did not even recognize me. He merely grasped me limply by the hand, as he had undoubtedly grasped a hundred odd hands that same day, and informed me in a matter-of-fact way that, if I would pay my room rent immediately to the worthy bursar, I would be assigned, in the due course of time, a room in the Freshman Dormitory.

The aforesaid dormitory I found very easily and began to search futilely for room No. 402 on the second floor. Very curiously, indeed, it happened to be situated on the fourth floor. At first I was riled at the prospect of ascending to the top floor, for, although the dormitory is a very modern structure in most ways, it is not equipped with an elevator. Since, however, I have abandoned the plan of having one installed; I find the descension very, very invigorating exercise in the early morning before breakfast. Sometimes I go up and come down twice, especially when I forget something.

I have not yet met the absent-minded professor of whom I read so much in "College Humor." In fact, in some classes the minds of the professor are the only ones present. I was deeply grieved the other day upon getting back a theme that I had written and finding I did not receive an A-|- . My English professor must not be aware of the facts that I was an honor student in English at high school and that it was I who wrote "The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1926." I feel it my duty to inform him of these facts at once. Another peculiarity I have found in professors is that they most decidedly will not take notes for the students. Neither will they repeat an important statement during a lecture. Very congenial individuals, professors.

The Sophomores, as well as the professors, were very influential in helping me lose a little of my conceit. Sophomores have acquired the strange belief that they are very superior to Freshmen. They seem to think that it is they, instead of us "Frosh", who maintain the power of the school. We have not yet disillusioned them. The Sophomores have concocted a set of rules to which we Freshmen must either conform, or be taken

on a long journey into the beautiful rural district back from which we must do the boy scout act. One of the most ridiculous rules is that we must wear our little "Freshie caps" wherever we go. Of course, if I did not like my little "Freshie cap," I should not wear it, but I am quite in love with it, as it is very collegiate and besides I have no roller skates.

Notwithstanding the altitude of my room, the lack of an elevator in the dormitory, the superiority of the Sophomores, the condescension of the upperclassmen, and the indifference of the professors, I like college very much. One of the many things I have acquired in the few weeks I have been here is an appreciation of the good old school from which I came, Johnson High.

Raymond F. Gagne

J. H. S., '26

CLASS OF 1926

Armstrong, Fred	University of Maine
Auger, Louise	Salem Normal School
Barrington, Isabel	Mrs. Charles I. Vincent
Battles, Marietta	Post-Graduate at J. H. S.
Budnick, Mary	Salem Normal School
Budnick, Morris	Tufts College
Burke, Robert	Northeastern University
Chase, Russell	Clerk at A. P. Currier's
Colby, Russell	Dartmouth College
Cole, Dorothy	Cannon's Commercial School
Costello, Mary	At home and Perkins' Drug Store
Cross, Helen	Lawrence Commercial School
Curren, Mabel	Training at Lawrence General Hospital
DeRienzo, Angelo	Essex-Hudson Salesroom
Dillon, Mary	Lawrence Commercial School
Dimery, Russell	International Paper Mill
Elliot, Edmond	Huntington School, Boston
Fieldhouse, Florence	Lawrence Commercial School
Gagne, Raymond	Clark University
Garvey, Mary	Lowell Normal School
Gesing, Elizabeth	Cannon's Commercial School
Griffiths, Ruth	Lowell Normal School
LaCross, Elroy	Cannon's Commercial School
Lang, Jeanie	Cannon's Commercial School
Michlun, Anna	Post-Graduate at J. H. S.
Moody, William T.	Bowdoin College
Mooers, Evelyn	Essex County Agricultural School
Mooers, Gilbert	Cannon's Commercial School
Nason, Beulah	Cannon's Commercial School
Nason, Gladys	Tufts College
Osgood, John	Post-Graduate at J. H. S.
Perley, Frances	Chandler Commercial School
Richardson, Jessie	The Posse-Nissen School

Roberts, Helen	At Work
Sanderson, Viola	Lowell Normal School
Smith, Nelson	At Work
Taylor, Jessie	The Leslie School
Trombly, Rita	Cannon's Commercial School
Whitman, Alice	Post-Graduate at J. H. S.
Woolley, Austin	Northeastern University
Post-Graduates	
Andrew, John	Massachusetts Agricultural College
Michelmores, Dorothy	The Leslie School
Knightly, George	Aurora College, Aurora, Illinois

1923

Ruth Wilkinson has been awarded the Goddard Prize in Physics and has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa of Tufts College.

1925

Wentworth Carr has been elected President of his class at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.

To the Alumni who are showing their loyalty to Johnson High through the Johnson Journal, the staff is deeply grateful.



EXCHANGES



Our exchange list this year consists, so far, of the following magazines:

"The Punch Harder" Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

"The Crimson and Gray" Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Mass.

"The Banner" Pembina High School, North Dakota

"The Red and Gray" Fitchburg, Mass.

"The Pad and Pencil" Chandler Secretarial School, West Roxbury, Mass.



JOKES



The traveler, as he left the sleeping car of the Russian train, called to the porter, "Thanks for the Buggy-ride."

Mrs. Donovan: "You should see how smart my boy Connie is. He learns French, and Algebra. Connie, say 'How do you do' in Algebra for Mrs. Graham."

Cook: "Boush, do you know where the Declaration of Independence was signed?"

Boush: "Of course, I knew that a long time ago."

Cook: "Well, where was it signed?"

Boush: "At the bottom."

Mrs. Onlooker (at a football game): "What does the Johnson Coach teach?"

Soph.: "He teaches Mathematics."

Fresh.: "He does not. He teaches Algebra."

History Class awaits second passing bell, when H. Melamed becomes impatient. "This is too dry; lets talk about prohibition."

Spofford: "What kind of a language do the Gypsies speak?"

Ida Budnick: "Egyptian, of course."

After the speaker's oration on women's rights, he added: "When they take our girls away from the co-educational colleges, as they threaten, what will follow? I repeat, what will follow?"

Duce's voice was heard at the rear of the hall replying, "I will."

Great scott! I've forgotten who wrote "Ivanhoe".

"I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote "The Tales of Two Cities".

Red Fletcher: "What are you thinking about?"

Brad: "Thanks for the compliment."

She was only a carpenter's daughter but she knew every vise (vice).

Boss: "Do you know anything about carpentry?"

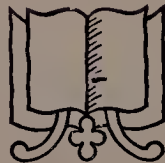
Applicant: "Sure".

Boss: "Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

Applicant: "Why - er - sure! Stick my finger in his eye."

SONG BOX

Baby Face	Marchese
Drifting and Dreaming	M. Greenwood
Where's You Get Those Eyes?	Duce
You're a Come Easy, Go Easy Sweetheart	Bob Richards
I'd Love To Meet That Old Sweetheart of Mine	Irene Dow
And Then I Forget	Jack Armstrong
Love Everlasting	Carl and Mona
Hi! Ho! The Merrio!	John Osgood
Blue Bonnet	Mary Galaher
Crazy Over Horses	Ethel Carey
Thanks For The Buggy Ride	Pat
Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue	Carl Rehn
Lonesome and Sorry, Since He went Away	Peg Turner
I Wish I Had My Old Girl Back Again	Tony Lumenello
It Must Be Love	V. Boyle
She Ought To Be Home With Her Mother	Mary Costello
Sleepy Head	Bradstreet
Waiting For The One Girl of All	Wilcox
Here I Am	Schruender
My Wild Irish Rose	R. Thompson



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